

Heard many greivous, I do say my Lord
Greivous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not euill
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what case
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done,
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witness, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And vowe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best persuasions to the contrary
Faile not to vs, and with what vehemencie
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. He not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a lonely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleste her: 'Tis a Gyrl
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.

Exit King.
Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, He ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? He
Haue more, or else vn fay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
He put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? How?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Butts.*

Cran. 'Tis Butts:
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Butts, at a Windowe
above.*

Butts. He shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Butts?

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.
King. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at doore 'mongst Purseuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

King. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one about 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honestly among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the doore too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall heare more anon.

*A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooler, and
placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places
himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A
Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate.
Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.
Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefe cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our fleshe, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach vs,
Haue misdeem'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer
Out of our easinesse and childish pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;
Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper Germany can deereely witnesse:
Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no litle study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my
Might goe one way, and faile
Was euer to doe well: no
(I speake it with a single he
A man that more detests, m
Both in his priuate Conscie
Defacers of a publike pea
Pray Heauen the King may
With lesse Allegiance in ic
Enuy, and crooked malice,
Dare bite the best. I doe b
That in this case of Iustice,
Be what they will, may sta
And freely vrge against me

Swff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a C
And by that vertue no man

Gard. My Lord, because
We will be short with you
And our consent, for better
From hence you be commi
Where being but a priuate
You shall know many dare
More then (I feare) you are

Cran. Ah my good Lord
You are alwayes my good
I shall both finde your Lor
You are so mercifull. I fee
'Tis my vndoing. Loue ar
Become a Churchman, be
Win straying Soules with
Cast none away: That I sh
Lay all the weight ye can v
I make as little doubt as yo
In doing dayly wrongs. I
But reuerence to your callin

Gard. My Lord, my L
That's the plaine truth; y
To men that vnderstand y
Crom. My Lord of Win
By your good fauour, too
How euer faultly, yet shou
For what they haue bene
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secret
I cry your Honour mercie
Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord
Gard. Doe not I know
Of this new Sect? ye are n

Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound I say
Crom. Would you we
Mens prayers then would

Gard. I shall remembe
Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life
Chan. This is too mu
Forbeare for thame my L

Gard. I haue done.
Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for
I take it, by all voyces: 'T
You be conuaid to th' Tow
There to remaine till the K
Be knowne vnto vs: are